The Unitarian Calendar

I mark the joy, the terror; yet these, within my heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

—William Cullen Bryant.

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OUR NATIONAL SOCIETIES

With headquarters in the building of the American Unitarian Association, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Local offices at 104 East 20th Street, New York City; 105 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., and 376 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION

Founded in 1825.

The chief missionary organization of the Unitarian churches of America. It supports missionaries, establishes and maintains churches, holds conventions, aids in building meeting-houses, publishes books, tracts, and devotional works.

Address correspondence to the Secretary Rev. Lewis G. Wilson.

Address contributions to the Treasurer, Henry M. Williams.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY

Founded in 1827.

Incorporated in 1885. The active work of the Society is carried on by the Department of Religious Education of the American Unitarian Association.

President, Rev. William I. Lawrance.

Treasurer, Mr. Sanford Bates.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN

Organized in 1890.

Promotes the local organization of the women of the Unitarian churches for missionary and denominational work.

Address correspondence to the Clerk, Miss Florence Everett.

Address contributions to the Treasurer. Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes Mattapan, Mass.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S RELIGIOUS UNION

Organized in 1896.

Promotes the organization of the young people of the Unitarian churches for "Truth, Worship, and Service."

Address correspondence to the Secretary, Miss Grace R. Torr.

Address contributions to the Treasurer Mr. O. Arthur McMurdie.

NATIONAL LEAGUE OF UNITARIAN LAYMEN

Organized in 1909.

Promotes an increasing participation in the works of the local churches and in the affairs of the denomination at large.

Honorary President, Hon. W. H. Taft.

President, John Mason Little.

Vice-Presidents, Hon. Horace Davis, LL.D. and Mr. M. T. Garvin.

Address correspondence to the Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Cyril H. Burdett, 135 Broadway, New York City.

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HOPE AS CONSOLATION OF UNITARIANISM

ABRAHAM M. RIHBANY

Of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, Mass.

When Unitarianism says, "God loved us and has given us everlasting hope and consolation through grace," it means it. Its faith, its very genius, is hope and consolation. Note these points:

First: By its rejection of superstition and acceptance of the results of modern science, Unitarianism shakes off the curse from this world, and holds sweet spiritual communion with every atom of existence. To it "every ground is holy and every bush is aflame with GOD." It views the universe, not as made and finished and placed under the curse, but as ever proceeding from an endless divine life. God expresses Himself through nature, and speaks to His child, man, in various ways. Through this knowledge it also views man, not as a fallen, but as an ever-ascending being, the vast depth of whose past proves the infinite height of his future.

Second: By accepting every good, true and beautiful line in the world's literatures as the word of God, Unitarianism admits the soul to the universal kingdom of hope and consolation. It breaks down every barrier of creed, language and color, and puts at the disposal of the troubled soul the untold wealth of sympathy of all the sages, saints and poets of the earth.

Third: By proclaiming universal salvation, Unitarianism has fulfilled the highest hopes of the soul. Its ardent hope is that the loving hand of the Eternal Father shall, in the fullness of time, wipe away every tear, not only from Christian eyes, but from every human eye that ever saw the light of His creation.

The old creed is a dungeon of despair to every reflective, unselfish mind. And while the liberal faith does not solve every mystery, yet it gives the larger hope and the freer spirit. It teaches that wherever man may live, labor or die—

"They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God forevermore."

THE PREACHER

REV. JOSEPH WOOD

It seems to me from what I hear and read that there are preachers nowadays who have no kind of message from Heaven for the human soul. They are afraid to say that anything *is*, for fear of being thought dogmatic. They invite people to hear their elegant essays, their historical disquisitions, their speculations on Fetichism; and weary, hungry souls, longing for bread, are fed with stones. I do not wonder that Carlyle complains of the preacher for wandering so terribly from the point. Unless he has a message for sinning, suffering human spirits from the Father of Spirits, I do not see that there is any particular need of him. That message may be given in broken accents, or in the music of a perfect speech; it may come from simple, unlettered lips, or be accompanied with all the adornments of learning, eloquence and imagination; the

point is that it be a message, warm with brotherly love, bright with heavenly hope, with power to refresh the outworn, to re-inspire the brave, to re-kindle faith and prayer, to change the hideous, arid, and vile of human life into the wholesome, generous and sweet, to make God and heaven, and the immortal life, and human progress the great realities of thought and being.

Do not mistake me. I am not at all for narrowing the sphere of the pulpit. All that concerns the social, the intellectual, the political, the physical, and the spiritual welfare of man, concerns the preacher. The Church has lost immensely in the past by shutting herself up to so-called sacred subjects, and ignoring the great influences, dramatic, commercial, political, social and aesthetic, which engage men.

And yet, and yet, the business of the preacher is first of all with religion. Theology is good, art is good, science is good, criticism is good, political aspiration is good, and in their place may well be heard in the pulpit. But first of all it is life—true life, loving life, pure life, gracious life—character, moral and spiritual culture, which is the preacher's concern. All the rest is subsidiary—good as it ministers to life, valuable as it redeems and sweetens life; but life is first.

GOOD IN ALL RELIGIONS

J. VILA BLAKE

Socrates says, "Let any man be of good cheer about his soul who has ruled his body and delighted in knowledge in this life; who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, justice, courage, nobility, and truth. In these arrayed, the soul is ready for the journey even to another world, when the time

comes. For if death be the journey to another place, and there all the dead are, what good can be greater than this? Be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth, that no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death. God orders and holds together the whole universe in which are all things beautiful and good. He keeps it always unimpaired, unconfused, undecaying, obeying his law swifter than thought, and in perfect order."

The Zoroastrian Scriptures say, "Him whom I exalt with my praise I now see with my eye, knowing him to be God, the reality of the good thought, the good word, the good deed."

In like manner Jesus, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing—and not one of them shall fall on the ground without your Father. Fear ye not therefore. When ye have need, it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall say, for it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father that speaketh in you."

"We can take the entire range of the religious world, and we shall find in all, something of the spiritual element present, something of the endeavor to reach the light, some attempt to articulate, or spell at least, a syllable of the name ineffable. All have aspiration, and all, viewed on the ethical or moral side, have some influence that freely accepted, would lift and improve, if not liberate and sanctify the worshiper. Homer says fittingly, 'all men yearn after the gods,' 'If we will but listen attentively,' says Max Muller, 'we can hear in all religions a groaning of the spirit, a struggle to conceive the inconceivable, to utter the unutterable, a longing after the infinite, a love of God.' St. Augustine declares that 'there is no religion which does not contain some grains of truth,' and Max Mueller again says, 'There is no religion, or if there is, I do not know it, which does not say, 'Do good, avoid evil.' "

The larger thought may save us from the depression and discouragement caused by the lesser thought. At one time we may be able to keep heart and preserve hope and enthusiasm by mere considerations of personal ambition. The sense of growing power sustains us. The feeling that we are progressing, even in the world of superficial interests, gives nerve to the arm and force to the intellect, but if one continues to grow, the hour is sure to come when resources derived from superficial interests will seem inadequate. Like the traveller who at length comes to the shore of some vast sea where no sail can be seen on the sky-line, so there may be moments when we seem to see beyond the possibilities of the present life, and then each man asks himself, "What am I to do when the forces that have sustained me thus far are withdrawn?"

The only answer to this question is found in the larger thought, which has to do not with superficial interests, but with the fundamental nature of life itself. We must say, as Jesus said of old, "Not my will, but thy will." In anything less than this there is little but satire—as if an old man should try to be happy by pretending youth, by trying to go back to live life over. Sweet as the past may be, it can never furnish the incentives and motives of the future. When the journey draws to its close there must be readiness for the hospitality of the expanded and glorified life. James Martineau, in his "Messengers of Change," has touched incidentally this thought in the following words:

"The soul is faithless which, when it is stung by severities and bowed by afflictions, tries to choke its sympathies and bring a frost upon its mellow seasons. It is not by reducing life to less but by expanding it to more; not by muffling its

stern tones, but by ringing its sweetness clearly out, that a serene harmony can be obtained. When duty is severe, we must be more reverently dutiful; if love brings sorrow, we must love more and better; when thought chills us with doubt and fear, we must think again with fuller soul and deeper trust."

What is true of the great final hours of life is also true of those crucial moments when we seem to live whole years because of the significance that is crowded into them.

If, however, at such moments we are armed with the *greater thought,* we shall, instead of being submerged, come forth into a larger life and prepared for a larger service. But if we cling to the little conceptions which have previously sustained us—thoughts of selfish advantage and personal aggrandizement—we shall experience such moments only to live thereafter under the shadow of chagrin, disappointment and cynicism. Columbus, to be sure, was a Roman Catholic, but there was no affectation in his act when he knelt on the shore of a new world to thank God. The dreams, the sufferings and the dangers of a lifetime found fruition in that one moment, and to see the situation in its relations to a divine purpose was the simple impulse of his triumphant nature.

In early life we may be prompted by the thought of personal glory, success in business, social happiness, local distinction, anticipations of greater achievement, but if nature takes her distinctive course, growth is inevitable, and with that growth must come the great hours and the great moments when whole years of life seem to be crowded into narrow compass. Or, we stand with our faces turned towards the infinite, and at such moments we are helpless unless we have a thought great enough to give us permanent support.

THE SEASON OF THE FALLING LEAF

R. B. DRUMMOND

Once more the year in its course has brought around the season in which the leaves dropping from the boughs, and the trees lifting up their bare branches to the sky, and the decay of all things bright and beautiful not only remind us of the approach of winter, but suggest to us those thoughts of our mortality and the passing away of all human things which perhaps too seldom engage our minds.

As old Homer sang many centuries ago—

The race of man is like the race of leaves.
Of leaves one generation by the wind
Is scattered on the earth; another soon
In spring's luxurious verdure bursts to light;
So with our race—these flourish, those decay.

Nor can we deny the aptness of the similitude. As the leaves fall from the tree, some in their first freshness, nipped by the late frosts of spring, some blown off by the winds of summer, and all at last perish, so do the generations of man pass away, one following another in interminable procession. It is true the healthy mind does not concern itself much with death and mortality, nor were it well that it should do so. It prefers the spirit of Goethe's maxim. *Think of living*—think how you may live well, so as to draw from life all the good you can, and make it a blessing to yourself and to others, to the gloomy *Memento Mori* (Remember that you must die) of the tombstones. I say the healthy mind does this, and it is better so. It would be a grievous mistake to suffer thoughts of death and the grave—or even of heaven and the hereafter—to interfere with the active duties, or even the innocent enjoyments, of life; there has been too much of

that sort of religion in the past—lives made unhappy by dread of what may befall in another state of being, or time which might have been spent in doing good taken up with vain hopes and fears. But while this is so, it would be equally a mistake on the other side to shut out from our minds (if, indeed, that were possible) all thought of death, to give no heed to the warnings of nature and of religion, or the lessons of philosophy, to take no thought at all of our latter end. Indeed, just because there are still current so many erroneous views of death and eternity, and their relation to this life—views which we, as rational Christians, deem erroneous—because the whole orthodox theology is built on an unscientific, and, in the light of science, I may surely say, a wholly obsolete view of the real nature of life and death, for this reason it is necessary that we should endeavor to form clear and consistent ideas on this subject. It is necessary on all accounts—for our own peace of mind, if nothing else—that we should come to an understanding with ourselves in what spirit we are to meet death when it comes, what preparation we are to make for it, or with what feelings we are to regard it when it is still far off.

The demagogue must be a man of charm, of pleasing address and eloquent tongue. He loves the people, so he tells us, especially the common people, as if there were any other kind. He is skillful in playing upon the passions and prejudices of his hearers. He can turn hearts to folly. He tells people their hardships so wonderfully they wonder why they did not see them before. He knows how to kindle discontent, envy, hatred, greed, suspicion. He points out injustices, and cries, "Would that I were judge in the land." —Rev. F. S. C. Wicks.

ABOUT HALOS

I

A company of saints were one day walking down Piety Pike and they fell into a discussion about halos.

Addressing Saint Sure Thing, Saint Openhand inquired, "When did you first make the discovery that you wore a halo?"

"It was like this," said Saint Sure Thing. "I attended a great revival, and when I was shown the way of salvation and was told that I could escape from all my past iniquities, I arose and had my sins forgiven. I was very happy, for I had done some mean and cruel things in my life, and I did not like to think about them. It was a great relief to think that my soul was saved so suddenly. I pitied those who stubbornly refused to accept salvation, and then and there I resolved never more to doubt, nor allow any of the so-called thinkers of the world to lead my thoughts away from the glory I enjoyed. So one day when I was telling of my great happiness in the thought that my own soul was saved, a certain deacon, who was famous for his piety, declared that a halo encircled my head, and I have been a saint ever since. And now tell me, Saint Openhand, how you discovered that you possessed this sign of heavenly favor?"

"Well," said St. Openhand, "I suppose I must have worn it a long time before anybody spoke to me about it. I had amassed a colossal fortune. The methods I had adopted to accomplish that end were the ones usually employed. I saw no harm in those methods, but of course some people seemed to think they were unjust. In order to secure a great fortune for myself a considerable number of my competitors had to go out of business. As my riches increased I had power to gain privileges that others in the same

business could not secure, and so, of course, the accumulation of my fortune was accelerated until I controlled everything in my line. Then I noticed that people began to envy me and say all manner of hard things about me and threaten me with every kind of violence. It was about this time that I experienced a sense of magnanimity and began to give away five-thirty-seconds of my income each year for benevolent purposes. I desired to gain the love and gratitude of my fellow-men, and knew that this would be a sure and economical way to gain this end. One day, after I had donated three millions of dollars for a deaf mute college, the newspapers almost universally declared that I was a saint, for I had become the benefactor of those who had no power to express their gratitude. Since then many of my personal friends have told me that a large, rose-colored halo has been hovering over my head."

"How interesting!" exclaimed Saint Outside-in. "That inspires me to explain the presence of my own halo. Early in life I entertained the foolish notion that there was real trouble in the world—such things, for instance, as sin and sickness, misfortune and death. And so I resolved to do my best to overcome all evils. I joined many organizations for that purpose, worked hard, studied much and spent a great deal of strength in behalf of others. But one day it occurred to me that evil is merely a delusion. That we harbor mental images of these things and so think they exist. I saw that if we could rid the mind of the thought of pain and the thought of sin and the thought of death, none of these things would really exist. So, from that time on I have dropped all care for such follies. I have told thousands of stupid people that there is nothing but good in the world. When they have come to me, supposing they were in trouble, I have con-

vinced them that there is no trouble anywhere. And you would be surprised to see what wonders have been wrought. People have been transformed, and the very ones who had been wasting their lives in their anxious efforts to serve their fellow-men, as they said, have gone away strong and well, not caring a fig for anything. I cannot tell how many have spoken of my halo."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Saint Inside-out, "I am told that my halo is one of the finest that ever evoluted over a human brow, and yet my way of gaining it has been just the opposite of yours, Saint Outside-in. I have been a worshiper of the world's reformers. They have always been on the right side, because what they advocated has been brought about. So I started out in early life to be a reformer. I deliberately declined to see anything that was good as it was. I went forth and told the world of its wrongs, sins, injustices, tyrannies. I convinced the people that everything they did was mostly criminal. I showed how the courts were unjust, the churches utterly inane and useless, all civil government corrupt, and everybody prompted by instincts of cupidity and deceit. Two things I have stubbornly declined to admit: First, that anybody that had wealth or power or experience was honest; and secondly, that anything that was done by anybody was done well. You would be astonished to see what salvos of applause have been called forth by my unqualified condemnation of everything that is, and how many of my hearers have admired my halo."

Now there was one other saint in this group. He was tall and very slim, and his face was solemn and cadaverous, and he had a long neck and a hollow chest. And, naturally, after Saint Inside-out had spoken, they all turned to him and asked him how he had secured his halo.

"You see I am a writer of fables and such. I never thought they amounted to much, but I enjoyed the work, for my skull, as you notice, is large and my brain is small and loose, and there is nothing like the writing of a fable to create a pleasing cerebral sensation. Some of the fables I have written have pictured certain human vanities, some have exposed certain subtle idiosyncrasies, and a good many of them have not amounted to a Hannah Cook. But among my readers there is a certain man by the name of Bill Henley, who was never known to smile. Well, one of my fables made him laugh, and his wife called me a Saint and said she saw a halo over my head. Ever after that she called me Saint Impossible, and now the name is fastened upon me, and my halo is a matter of common observation. But, by the way, friends, has it ever occurred to any of you, as we have been talking, that no one of us has ever seen his own halo?"

At this they all exclaimed, and each one declared that his halo was placed where he couldn't see it himself. Thereupon St. Openhand suggested that they all stop at the next house on Piety Pike, and asked to be shown a mirror in order that they might behold and admire their own halos. It was a little house near the road, and when the little old lady saw the five saints approaching, she crossed herself and said her favorite prayer. When they told her what they wanted she was greatly flattered and gladly admitted them to her front room and closed the door.

In a few moments the door opened and the five saints meandered, single file, down Piety Pike. Each one looked thoughtful. Their halos had vanished.

UNITARIAN HYMN

While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,—
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,—
That heart shall rest on thee.

—*Helen Maria Williams*, 1786.

TO THE YOUNG

Speak to them of thy country, of what she was and is and ought to be. Repeat to them the names and deeds of the good men who have loved their country and the people, and who have striven, amid sorrows, calumny and persecution, to elevate their destiny.

Instill into their young hearts the strength to resist injustice and oppression.

Let them learn from thy lips how lovely is the path of virtue; how noble it is to become apostles of the truth; how holy to sacrifice themselves, if need be, for their fellows. —*Mazzini.*

NEWS ITEMS

"The Work of Religious Education as Conducted by the Unitarian Church, Dayton, Ohio," is the title of an interesting pamphlet put forth by the Dayton church, describing the various methods adopted for the instruction of both young and old. The minister thus defines the purpose of religious education:

"Religious education may be said to consist in the giving of the best answers to a set of questions,—questions which present themselves to every human soul,—questions which are the perennial problems of religion,—such questions as these: What am I? Who is God? How may God be known? How does God enter into the life of man? What is my duty? What is my life for? What is to be the long future for me? What are the spiritual achievements of the past? What are the literary treasures of humanity's religious history?"

It is, indeed, a high purpose to even attempt to answer these questions, but the systematic methods adopted by Mr. Marshall cannot fail to stimulate thought and enable individuals to reach sane and wholesome conclusions. For high school students such subjects as "The Bible," "God in Nature," "Foundation Truths in Morals and Religion," "Protestant Denominations and the History of Unitarianism," "Social Reform" and "Church Music" are taken up. Excellent courses are also prepared for the intermediate and junior departments, which include memory work, character building and nature study. Anyone seeking suggestions for a similar course

would do well to write to Rev. Troward H. Marshall, Old Orchard Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

We are glad to receive the CALENDAR of the Church of the Messiah, Montreal, for September. This number is especially interesting because of the sermon which it contains, once delivered by the late William Sullivan Barnes, who for many years was the minister of the Montreal church. Mr. Barnes possessed not only a deep spiritual sense, but a fine literary ability, which gives to his discourses an intensely searching and effective power.

The report from the Secretary of the Pacific coast indicates an active summer among the churches and excellent prospects for the future. Several pulpits are or will be vacant in the near future, but Dr. Wilbur is arranging for prospective candidates. At Alameda the departure of Miss Buck to take up work with the American Unitarian Association in the Department of Religious Education is a source of great regret on the part of the society, which had been especially prosperous under her ministry. Rev. Arthur H. Sargent has resigned at Eugene, Ore., but it is hoped that his valuable services will still be retained on the coast. Mr. Harris of San Diego goes to Oklahoma City, leaving a vacancy for which a number of able ministers have been secured as candidates. Preparations are being made for a seed-sowing campaign in the San Joaquin Valley under the leadership of the Reverend Messrs. Clayton and Baker, while several prospective ministers' institutes will add zest and enthusiasm to the entire Pacific work.

An interesting letter reaches us from Butte, Mont., where the Rev. T. C. Brockway has just begun his pastorate. The field is difficult, but

fraught with great possibilities, and Mr. Brockway, with characteristic good sense, speaks of the situation as follows:

"As the situation appeals to me, the theoretical possibilities are indeed good. It is now up to us to make the possible a reality. I do not believe in the spectacular, sensational method of getting a hearing. I shall, however, endeavor to establish friendly personal relations with the people who are or have been connected with the society here, and with their co-operation shall hope to get into touch with others who are liberally inclined, but who are not connected with other churches or who are out of sympathy with prevailing orthodoxy. I have hopes that by getting at things in a quiet way, and staying with it, we can win out."

One of our missionaries who has been holding meetings in a theatre for some time received the following letter:

"The owners of the property occupied by you have noted with regret the fact that the theatre is being used for services of the Unitarian character. We have certainly no wish to prevent the theatre from being used for any Christian service, but, as we understand that in the Unitarian belief the divinity of Christ is denied, we would very much appreciate it if you could arrange to have the services omitted."

This act on the part of the owners of the property referred to has become a source of much public interest, and instead of working to the disadvantage of our movement in that city, will call the attention of a wider public to its aims and purposes.

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Unitarian Churches

Promote

1. **Religion**, as an "everlasting reality" and the consciousness of God as a necessity of the right life.

2. **Worship**, as the natural aspiration of the human soul towards completeness.

3. **The Pursuit of Truth** as a safeguard from danger and a guarantee of freedom.

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